

CANDY MOON

From the 3rd Street bridge
we saw the giant blood-orange
moon beside the smokestacks,
the water clear and reflective
as a polished pane of glass.

We considered what would fill
that crispy, candy moon,
and proposed a cream puff,
dark chocolate, or raspberry jam.

The dark, rippling waters
reflected the blue sky
in a cool autumn breath
that swept away the day's work
and incessant anguishings.

You prompted me with questions,
broke me from my rocky shell,
put my mind into the air,
and cracked me open like a Cadbury egg—
you and me, and the soft,
sugary stars of the empty blue night.